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A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An' if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love. —MARLOWE

*I mecum modo tu deliciae domum,
tu coniunx hilaris! Deficiet nihil,
nec curae segetum nec nemorum quies
nec quod mons niveus laetitiae ferat.*

*Strati per cava nos saxa tuebimur
pastores pecoris vel memores vagi
argutas vel aves desilientibus
lympae fonticulis undique consonas.*

*Iam multa placide, Tyndaris, in rosa
resplendens variis undique flosculis
somnum fessa petes. Tum tibi pillei
ornata et foliis pallia myrteis,
vestis praeterea, quam tibi laneam
pulchellae pecudes vere satis dabunt,
molles et soleae, frigora quo feras,
aurataeque etiam, lux mea, fibulae.*

*Zonam gramineam denique conferam
gemmis coraliis et tibi sucinis
scite compositam. Nunc ita si placet,
i mecum modo tu deliciae domum.*

*Crebris iam iuvenes cantibus et choris
festos vere dies concelebrant tibi.
Quodsi te moveant omnia quae feram,
tum mecum remane deliciae meae.*

The following version of a passage in Tennyson, *The Marriage of Geraint*, is by Professor Tracy Peck, of Yale University:

*Verte tuam, Fortuna, rotam; demitte superbos;
verte rotam rapidam per solem, nubila, noctem;
teque rotamque tuam non odimus aut adamamus.
Verte, o verte rotam seu rides seu stomacharis;
nos nil mutamur quamvis rapide rota currat;
res nobis angusta, sed est generosa voluntas.
Ride—nos ridemus opum domini locupletes;
saevi—nos hilares manibus nostris operamur,
namque homines exstant homines fatigue potentes.
Verte rotam, Fortuna, super turbam trepidantem;
estis tu rotaque ista ambae de nubibus umbrae;
teque rotamque tuam non odimus aut adamamus.*

BLIND LOVE

The following translation is by Professor George Dwight Kellogg, of Princeton University (other renderings by the same scholar will appear in the next number):

O me! What eyes hath Love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight:
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's "No"
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find!

—SHAKESPEARE, Sonnet cxlviii.

AMOR CAECUS

Heu! quales oculos mihi dedisti,
Amor! quis nihil, ut solet, videtur!
quo mens, sin aliter sit, avolavit,
quae nunc, quod videt, inritum arbitratur?
Sit, quod lumina falsa amant, facetum:
negant cur homines severiores?
notat, sin minus, hic amor misellus
suum non oculum esse sic acutum.
Nequiquam poterit videre recte
oppressus lacrimis et inquiete.
Nimirum mihi tum error est amore;
sol tantum ipse videt serena in aura.
proh! me, callide Amor, tenes dolore
caecum, ne inveniam istam iniquitatem!

AUGUST MAU

(1840-1909)

Readers of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY will be shocked to hear of the sudden death of Professor August Mau, at Rome, on March 6. His wife had died only three days before. Though he had shown of late years some signs of failing vigor, no one suspected that he was seriously ill. Only two hours before his death he was in conversation with an officer of the German Archaeological Institute, whom he asked to make careful arrangements for the courses of lectures at Pompeii if he should himself be unable to give them this year. Simple but impressive funeral services were held in the library of the Institute and appropriate tributes were paid to the memory of the man without whom "the Institute could never be the same and whom his friends and students of all lands loved and love". He had recently expressed the hope that he might be permitted to round out forty years of labor at Pompeii. For the fulfillment of this wish two more years were necessary.

By the death of Professor Mau, classical scholarship loses one of its commanding figures. To students of Pompeii in particular his decease means the removal of their most respected master and leader; to those who have enjoyed the privilege of personal intercourse and more intimate acquaintance his death comes as a distinct and irreparable loss.

H. L. W.